

The Collins Mausoleum-50th Anniversary Issue



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The Caretaker's Comments

By Joe Escobar

This year marks the 50th anniversary of **Dark Shadows**. 2016 is also 40 years since I rediscovered the program. I was born a bit too late to watch it when it originally aired. Some of my friends did, but my mother was concerned about the violence and dark themes. It became forbidden fruit; I would sneak tasty morsels whenever I could. These led to some faulty memories. I recall Quentin being chained to a wall. The full moon was rising and a man was preparing to shoot him when he transformed into the werewolf. I have a vivid recollection of David playing in the attic and finding a hangman's noose. The rope magically maneuvers itself over his head and begins strangling him. He's lifted off the floor and...cut to credits. Neither of those events occurred as I remembered them, but those images stayed with me.

When I was in the 7th grade my best friend, Jim, was reading one of his mother's books, **Barnabas, Quentin, and the Body Snatchers**. I asked if I could read it when he was finished. Of course he agreed and gave me **The Mystery of Collinwood** to read in the meantime. I was puzzled by the absence of Barnabas and Quentin, but I enjoyed the book. The show had also begun airing again in Boston at the ungodly hour of 11:00 PM. My mother had no objection to me watching it at age 13, so I tuned in on Friday nights if my mother felt like letting me stay up that late.

I was so disappointed with my first episode! I kept waiting for Barnabas to turn up! It was creepy though. I'm sure anyone reading this can recall the segment I'm referring to with only a bare bones summary. The dogs are howling and Vickie is frantically pounding on the door calling out to Maggie. Maggie is suffering from blood loss and brought to the hospital. Her disappearance and the final image of the wind blowing the curtains through the open window chilled me.

Jim and I began collecting the novels. By the time I'd seen Barnabas on the show, I'd read 2 books about Barnabas and Quentin. He was so evil on TV compared to his counterpart in the Ross novels! It took me a long time to adjust to that. Jim and I spent many pleasant afternoons on our bikes combing all the thrift shops and used books outlets in Newport. Finding a book always made my day. On one occasion I hit the lottery.

The Gold Key books eagerly sought out. Our reception for WLVI TV 56 out of Boston was always dodgy. I had no clear idea of what Collinwood looked like. We'd heard that the house was somewhere in Newport. One Saturday we rode our bikes out to Ocean Drive and tried to find the mansion based on the illustration in a comic. We eventually found one that looked fairly close to the artist's depiction. Of course it was not Collinwood.

We did find it eventually and spent many lazy afternoons reading on the grounds. It's a private residence now and off limits. At the time we were told by the groundskeeper we were welcome any time before dark. I believe it was leased by Salve Regina College at that time, but I'm not sure.

It's 40 years later, and I'm still a fan of the series, still friends with Jim, and writing this in my room at Seaview Terrace. It's been a week since the "Dark Shadows Festival," and I'm in "Collinwood" surrounded by DS fans. It's amazing how important this show has been. I often wonder how different my life would be if I'd never read that Ross novel and started watching the show in syndication. Here then a collection of articles and fiction commemorating 50 years of **Dark Shadows**. I hope you enjoy it.

Please comments or questions to quentincollinsii@aol.com.

As all true Dark Shadows fans know, the Ghost of Sarah Collins' favorite song is "London Bridge". When she appeared in her ghostly form she sang it often, played it on her flute and, on one occasion, possibly played it on the piano in the Collinwood drawing room. However, during the 1795 flashback, she was never heard to sing it even once. Years ago, some resourceful fans discovered that the song that we know today as "London Bridge" did not exist in the in the year 1795. According to Wikipedia, although there were earlier tunes and lyrics, the song as we it know today was first recorded in the year 1879. So how did Sarah Collins learn this song? The following story is your humble author's explanation, under the supposition that even a ghost can learn a new song...

My Friend Sarah

By Guy Haines

A cool breeze broke through the sluggish heat of a summer day in the Brownsville area of Brooklyn, New York. In the distance, the familiar twang of the trolley bell sounded over the shouts and squeals of a group of boys playing stickball on nearby Betsy Head Playground. The smell of two freshly baked blueberry pies cooling on a cluttered back porch had attracted an unshaven young man in a tattered suit. Minutes after negotiating with the elderly, silver haired baker of the pies, the young man licked some blueberry filling from his lips as he pushed a squeaky manual lawn mower across the lady's lawn.

This is late August, 1935. The Great Depression continues to take its toll on millions of lives across the country. Yet, in each community, as in this one, life goes on and the laughter of children at play slowly contributes to the healing of the struggling populace.

From an open window on the second floor of a modest house the vibrant melody of "Sheep May Safely Graze" is shared with the fortunate neighbors and passersby. Inside the window, striking the keys of a well-tuned upright piano is a young boy, diligently studying the music before him and ably adapting it into a near perfect interpretation of Johann Sebastian Bach's sublime cantata. Lying at the foot of his talented master is the boy's beloved pup, enjoying a nap despite the rapturous music being played above him. The boy's long legs were able to reach the pedals of the piano, tapping them lightly with his Keds sneakers. He wore a white shirt and brown knickers. On each summer day, like this day, the boy practiced his piano faithfully, entertaining any stranger who happened to be within earshot. An hour before, the boy had returned from a game of stick ball with his buddies. Now, he was hard at work, practicing and perfecting his technique. Abruptly, the boy stopped mid-song and squinted at the music. He took out a pencil and marked an area of the music where he decided to stress some higher notes. He placed his fingers on the keys to take up the song where he had left off when he suddenly stopped and looked towards the window. He then noticed his dog had awakened and was also staring towards the window.

"Did you hear it too, Prince?", he asked.

The dog let out a slight whine.

Then, they both heard it again. A giggle. A child's giggle. Not from outside of the window, but from inside the room. Prince was now steadfastly staring at the corner of the room opposite the piano. Suddenly, another giggle came from that corner.

The boy's eyes widened and he stood up from the piano bench. He glanced at the door to the hall, readying

himself to bolt towards it and to the safety of his mother, who was likely in the kitchen. He had taken two steps in that direction when a voice from directly behind him caused him to freeze in his tracks.

"Please don't leave! I was enjoying your playing very much!"

The boy turned slowly to see a young girl standing by the piano. She was smiling at him below heavily freckled cheeks.

"How... how did you get in here? Who are you?", the boy asked in astonishment.

"My name is Sarah," she answered with an even wider smile. "I was passing by and heard the lovely music. I wanted to see where it was coming from."

"Well", said the boy, noting her odd-looking clothes, "who let you in here? My grandparents live downstairs but they're not here right now."

"Oh, I let myself in," she replied nonchalantly. "I'm sorry if I startled you."

"Well, as a matter of fact," the boy said, "you did give me and my dog a bit of a fright." The boy pointed towards his pup.

"What a pretty dog," Sarah exclaimed. "What's her name?"

"HIS name is Prince," the boy replied proudly. "He's named that because his mother's name is Queenie."

"Hello, Prince," Sarah said as she held out her hand towards the pup. The dog's tail began to wag furiously and he walked towards her to give her hand a lick. Imperceptibly, Sarah willed her hand to solidify, allowing Prince to enthusiastically kiss it.

"Wow," said the boy. "He really doesn't make up to people that quickly. Consider yourself lucky!"

"Oh, I love dogs! I had a little puppy once too. But..." She hesitated. "But, she died."

"What was her name?" the boy asked.

"Doodle," Sarah replied quietly.

"I'm sorry," the boy said.

"That's alright," she replied. She then looked at the boy. He was tall and thin, with brown hair and blue eyes. "What's your name?" she inquired.

"Bobby," he answered.

"How old are you, Bobby?"

"I'm nine."

Sarah's eyes brightened. "I'm nine, too!"

Bobby smiled back at her. Noting her long white dress and silver slippers and strange little cap, he mustered

another question. "How come you're wearing your nightgown?"

Sarah giggled loudly. "Nightgown?," she laughed. "This is my best dress!"

"I'm sorry," he replied. "None of the girls around here wear dresses like that."

"Well," she said, "I'm not from around here. I'm from far, far away."

"Well, then," replied Bobby. "Where are your parents? You can't be traveling alone."

Bobby noticed that the girl's bright smile had suddenly disappeared. She hung her head and, with closed eyes, held back a flood of tears.

"What's wrong, Sarah? What did I say?"

The girl struggled to reply. "I... I AM alone," she whispered. "I'm looking for my parents... my mother... my father. I've been looking for them for EVER so long!"

Bobby didn't know what to say. The girl was so distraught and he had no idea how to help her. Prince looked up at Sarah, let out a brief sympathetic whine and laid down at her feet. Bobby was relieved to see her smile at this.

"He really likes you, Sarah" Bobby said.

"And I like him, too" she answered.

"Sarah, where did you last see your parents?"

"Oh, far, far from here. In my home in the commonwealth of Massachusetts."

"Massachusetts!!!" Bobby exclaimed. "If you last saw your parents in Massachusetts then why are you here in Brooklyn?"

"Well," Sarah answered, "I've already searched in Boston. My father enjoyed traveling to Boston and also to New York for Independence Day Festivals. I remember my mother told me that, when I was very small, my parents took me to a Festival in New York. My mother told me that we stayed at an inn in Brooklyn. I was hoping to find that inn."

"Wow," Bobby whispered. "You've been all over." He thought for a moment. "I don't know of any inn around here. But, say! There's a library a few blocks over! It's a library just for kids! Maybe you could ask about that inn there?" He noticed a tear trickle down the girl's cheek and suddenly felt an overwhelming desire to help her. "You're very sad, aren't you, Sarah?"

"Yes," she replied, sniffing. "I feel so alone most of the time. I wish I had a friend. Bobby, will you be my friend?"

"Of course," the boy answered. He glanced at the piano. "Would you like me to play you something, Sarah?"

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed. "That would be ever so wonderful!"

Bobby sat down on the piano bench and motioned for her to sit beside him. In an instant, the pale girl seemed to float to his side. Prince, letting out a brief squeak, joined them at the piano.

"Now," said Bobby. "Let's see. What would you like to hear? Do you have any favorites?"

"Oh," she replied, looking thoughtful. "My Aunt Abigail taught me some church hymns. But, I've forgotten most of them."

"Well," Bobby sighed, "I don't know many hymns." He studied the girl with her freckled face, long golden brown hair and odd, old-fashioned clothes. "How about starting with something old and simple? Here is a song that I learned a long time ago." He put his hands on the piano keys and started playing a quaint but familiar tune. It had been a song known to him since he was three years old. "Do you know this song, Sarah?"

"No," Sarah answered. "I don't believe I do."

"Well, listen to this," he whispered.

Sarah stared intently as the boy's hands moved across the keys. He started out with the basic melody. Then, halfway into the song, his hands began to move more quickly, effortlessly plunking out the simple tune and embellishing it with multiple decorative flourishes. He ended the short song's last four notes with a dramatic tickling ornamentation. He wasn't doing it to show off for the girl as much as he wanted to give her the best gift that he could deliver. He looked over at her glowing face.

"What do you think, Sarah?," he asked.

Sarah tried to muster some words of praise. She was nearly speechless. "Oh," she whispered. "That was the most beautiful piece that I've ever heard! It was wonderful! I loved it!"

"Well, then," Bobby said enthusiastically. "It's YOURS! This is YOUR song now, Sarah!"

"My song? Oh, thank you," she gushed. "But Bobby, what is the song called?"

"Well, some call the song 'London Bridge Is Falling Down'. Others have called it 'My Fair Lady'. If I could name it.... let's see... I think I'd call it 'My Friend Sarah'. Just for you, Sarah!" He gazed into the girl's face and was astonished to see it actually glowing with a golden hue. Her smile was literally radiant. "Sarah, would you like me to teach you the words to your song?"

Sarah nodded. For the next hour, Bobby taught his friend the words to the simple tune. Sarah sang joyfully as the boy accompanied her on the his piano. Prince even joined in once with a long, loud howl, which caused them both to laugh uncontrollably. Bobby even taught Sarah how to play the tune herself not only on the piano, but on an old toy flute that he gave her to keep.

The children had been so caught up in their musical interlude that they did not notice the sunny afternoon had waned to a cool, golden evening. Bobby smelled the hearty aroma of his mother's supper and could hear his father and mother conversing in the kitchen.

"Oh, Bobby," Sarah said happily, "I've had such a wonderful time with you today! You've made me so happy with your music! How can I ever thank you?"

Bobby was very pleased. It felt good to have made someone so happy simply by using the musical talents that seemed to come so naturally to him. "Always remember, Sarah," he answered. "If you feel that bad, sad feeling inside of you again, remember your song and sing it as loud as you can. Let everyone know that this is your song, your theme. Everyone should have their own theme. And this is yours, for sure."

"Oh, I will. I will!" she replied enthusiastically. She stood up from the piano bench, walked toward the window, and then turned and looked back at Bobby, her smile large and fixed on her pretty face. It was then that Bobby noticed something fantastically odd. With the sun lowering behind her, Sarah was silhouetted in the light coming through the window. Yet, to his amazement, the boy noticed that not only were the rays of the sun passing around the girl standing before him, but also, some of the light seemed to be partially passing through Sarah herself, causing her again to glow with that same bright golden hue. Incredulously, he realized that he could actually see through her now translucent form, the sun a brilliant orange-red ball seeming to radiate from the area where her heart would be. "I have to go now, Bobby," she said, with slight loss of her smile. "But, I'll come back to see you again someday. I promise."

Bobby was still gaping in astonishment. After several long moments, he was able to form some words. "Sa..Sarah. Are you... are you.... a... a... ghost?"

"Good-bye, Bobby," she said. "Thank you for the music and thank you for my song. I'll never forget it. And I'll never forget you, Bobby." With those words, the small form of the girl faded completely, leaving the boy staring at the open window. With Prince following behind him, he ran to the window sill and looked down expecting to see that the girl was outside, still not believing that she had vanished before his eyes. Prince let out several sad whimpers. Then Bobby heard a faint humming, that of a young girl, humming a familiar tune that was fading into the cool evening air. He hummed along as long as he could hear her and then whispered the last four notes of the song, "My fair la-dy!" He blinked back a tear, smiling to himself. "My friend, Sar-ah!"

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Many, many years later, the ghost of Sarah Collins appeared in a darkened bedroom, quietly mouthing the words of her forever song. A warm breeze outside moved the fronds of a small palm tree, casting moving shadows across the bed of a white haired man who laid in a restless, fitful sleep. Sarah walked around the bed and looked down at the man's face. She smiled and suppressed a giggle, having not seen her friend in more than 80 years, but instantly recognizing him.

"Hello, Bobby," she whispered, not wanting to wake him. "It's me, Sarah. I've come back to visit you, just like I promised. It took me a while to find you but here I am, at last." Even though decades had passed, Sarah felt as if she had just left Bobby moments before after having shared that special afternoon with him so long ago. She smiled as she recalled the compassion that he had shown her in her desperate trek through the dark shadows of death. She treasured the memory of his encouraging her to sing her own special song as she journeyed through the years in search of her beloved parents. But now, despite her joy of beholding the kind, familiar face of her long-ago friend, she noticed some lines on his aged face that she realized had been caused by the cumulative pattern of loss throughout his own life. She surmised that although he had had a life full of happiness and fulfillment, life's hardships and trials had also taken their toll on him. She decided that, just as he had once helped her in her time of need, she now had to return the favor.

"Bobby," she whispered as she bent towards his ear, "Bobby, you won't wake up now to see me. But when you do wake up, you'll know that I have been here. And you will remember what I now have to tell you." She noticed a slight inquisitive look appear on his sleeping face. "Bobby, I wanted to tell you something wonderful. I found my parents at last! My mother! My father! And, even my puppy, Doodle! I am so happy! I'll never be separated from them again!" With eyes still shut, a smile formed on Bobby's face. "But, that's not all," she continued. "Bobby, I know that you lost Prince many years ago. I know that you were very sad for a long time. I want to tell you, Bobby, that I found Prince. He is with me. I've brought him to see you." And with that, Sarah held out her hand and the glowing form of Bobby's beloved pup took shape beside the bed. Prince looked into

the face of his beloved master and in his ethereal form, jumped onto the bed and joyfully began to lick his master's cheeks, his tail wagging wildly. "He's happy to see you, Bobby!" Sarah watched the dream-like reunion for another minute and then put her hand on Prince. The dog squealed slightly and then sat back, still gazing at Bobby's face. Sarah noted the wind, now a cooler breeze, blowing through the bedroom window.

"Bobby," she whispered. "We have to go now. We may not be able to return soon. But, I just want to let you know that I will take care of Prince until you come to find him." She noticed a tear fall down her friend's rosy cheek. "Don't worry about us, or anyone else that you've lost, Bobby. When you are ready, come looking for us. If you can't find us at first, stop and listen. Listen hard. You'll hear me. I'll be singing this song. The song you gave me. My song."

As Sarah and Prince both started to slowly fade away, she again began to sing. "London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down...."

And, with a smile on his face, Bobby slept peacefully for the remainder of the night.

"Dedicated to our friend, Bob ('Bobby') Cobert, in loving gratitude for the fantastic music that has tremendously enhanced our enjoyment of Dark Shadows for 50 years! The show would not have been the success it is without Bob and his enthusiasm and creativity. We love you, Bob!"

Dark Shadows-Love's Reflection

By Joe Escobar

This story was submitted to Big Finish Productions. Stuart Manning gave me some positive feedback on the synopsis, but it was never accepted for production. I decided to write the script anyway.

Voice-over

The sun shines gloriously over Collinwood. Most of the family are in Boston. Unbeknownst to the two remaining occupants, the cheerful birdsong is a portent of a coming storm.

I found Maggie in the East Wing, staring into the empty room that led to the world we called Parallel Time.

Quentin-What are you thinking about, Darling?

Maggie-Oh, you...

Quentin-Is that all?

Maggie-(laughs) You really do know me all, too well don't you, Quentin Collins?

Quentin-(laughs) I really do; now tell me what's on your mind?

Maggie-I was thinking about Barnabas.

Quentin-(his mood dims) Maggie, try not to think about him.

Maggie-I do try, Quentin, but it's so hard not to. The thought of him lost in that other time...

Quentin-Yes, that strange and intriguing world, Parallel Time.

Maggie-I think we had a romance going for a while before he left, but he ran so hot and cold. Now he's gone.

Quentin-And we have each other.

Maggie-Yes we do! (We hear the sound of a gentle kiss). Quentin? Quentin-Yes?

Maggie-Is what we have together a betrayal? Quentin-Of course not. Barnabas would be happy for us (uncertainly). It's destiny (with false bravado).

Maggie- How can you be sure?

I reached out for her hand showing her the pitchfork brand, identical to the one on mine.

Quentin-Because of these! The marks that bind us together!

Cue Dark Shadows theme

Maggie's mood brightened considerably when I suggested that we take a drive along the coast to Boothbay. The convertible ambled along towards the tourist town.

Quentin-So what's on the agenda?

Maggie- How about shopping?

Quentin-Now how did I know that's what you'd want to do?

Maggie-Oh, Quentin, you'll enjoy it. I know this fabulous row of shops along the waterfront. You never know what you'll find!

Quentin (with mock gloominess) Sounds exciting!

Maggie-Alright, then Mr. Collins, what would you like to do?

Quentin-Oh nothing I can think of at the moment. Shopping sounds like a grand way to spend the afternoon.

Maggie-Whatever would I do without you? Quentin-Carry your own parcels for one!

Maggie-Oh you brute!

We drove in silence for a bit attending to the sounds of the ocean and the late spring wind as it whipped through our hair (we hear the ocean and wind, perhaps some gulls. After a bit the car decelerates and parks). It was the typical tourist trap, rows of shops selling items identical to those in any other tourist area, the only difference, these bore the distinction of being from Maine. Aunt Mary could have her coffee in a mug that proudly proclaimed that she, or a loved one, had been to Boothbay Harbor, Maine! Uncle Bob could down a shot from a glass proudly sporting a lobster. Maine flags abounded, and every merchant was kindly willing to provide you with film and batteries, at nearly twice the price it would cost you at home. Nearly as abundant were the restaurants and pubs. Most specialized in seafood. Even the lone Italian restaurant had a long list of seafood pasta dishes proudly displayed on a chalkboard hanging next to the smiling image of a portly chef painted onto a cutout of plywood.

Maggie ignored all of these establishments, seeking out the rarer antique shops and boutiques. Most of the items that would catch her eye were priced far beyond the means of a governess.

Maggie-Oh look! Let's go in there! (sound of a door opening). OOOH how do you think this would look on me?

Quentin-Groovy, my dear! Are the batteries extra?

Maggie-Oh you! Is it that bad?

Quentin-You know I never went in for all those psychedelic colors, so my opinion is biased. But, yes I think it's hideous.

Maggie-And what would you have said if I'd bought it?

Quentin-I'd have said it looked radiant on you and emphasized the color of your eyes.

Maggie-Note to self, Quentin Collins' wardrobe opinions are not to be trusted. OH LOOK!

Quentin-What is it?

Maggie-A hand mirror. It's gorgeous.

Quentin-Dear Lord!

Maggie-What's wrong? Quentin-Oh nothing. It...it just looks identical to another I'd seen before. Maggie-(annoyed) Obviously it didn't have a positive effect on you!

Quentin-No, it's very beautiful, it...it just took me by surprise. It belonged to someone I was close to.

Maggie-(softening) Someone special? Quentin-Yes, but our relationship was...stormy to say the least.

Maggie-Well whether it brings back pleasant memories or not, I think it's lovely and I'm buying it!

The merchant obligingly and carefully wrapped the mirror up in brown paper and placed it delicately into an ornate shopping bag. Maggie beamed as she received her treasure, not entrusting me to carry it for her. We spent the rest of the morning meandering in and out of shops, but Maggie made no further purchases. Although she considered the looking glass a bargain, it had put a huge dent into her discretionary fund.

Quentin-Are you hungry? Maggie-Starving! Where do you want to eat?

Quentin-Well money is no object, my dear, but these tourist traps are often disappointing. I know a place that's off the beaten track a bit. It's definitely no frills dining, but the food is superb, and the price is right. There's a

shortcut that runs across the beach. It might be a tad chilly though. There's a breeze coming off the ocean.

Maggie-I'm game! And I believe we can find a way for you to warm me up!

We trekked arm in arm across the sand to the little shack that served as an eatery. My hand itched. I resisted the urge to scratch or even look at it. In spite of the euphoria I felt, I was disturbed by the pitchfork brand and its odd disappearance and resurgence. I searched my memory in vain for information which I knew was there, somewhere, hidden in my brain. It was like that part of my mind was concealed in a dense fog. Maggie sensed my mood and tensed a bit.

Maggie-Darling, what's wrong?

Quentin-Oh nothing.

Maggie-You can't fool me, Quentin. Something's bothering you.

Quentin-The brand. What do you think it means? Maggie-I think it means we are meant to be together!

Quentin-I wish I could be sure.

Maggie-Let me ask you this, then. Is there anything you can do about it? Quentin-No.

Maggie-Are you happy? Quentin-Very much so.

Maggie-Then why fight it? Joy is a rare thing in Collinsport. I've learned that when it comes your way, you don't question it. You just thank whatever power sent it to you and pray that it's not taken away. Now I think that's the place you were raving about. Can we go in and enjoy a scrumptious lunch? I'm starving.

I agreed with a nod and held the door for her as we entered the slightly seedy looking pub. They claimed to have the best crab cakes in Maine. I was never tempted to disagree. While we waited for our order, Maggie unpacked her hand mirror and gazed at her reflection.

Maggie-You know, I have no idea why I bought this. It's beautiful, but I'm not usually the sort of person that goes in for this type of thing. It was really quite an extravagant purchase. I mean I have the dresser mirror in my room at Collinwood, and I have a number of compacts. When would I really need to use this?

Quentin-You can probably return it for store credit, exchange it for something else.

Maggie-Oh, no I couldn't...

I bit my lip to restrain myself from speaking up further about the purchase. I tried to banish some vague fears from my mind. For the first time, it occurred to me to wonder how Maggie could have afforded it. I'd not overheard the transaction, but it must have been brief. My interest in the store had been cursory at best, and it had not taken me long to wander about and find my way back to Maggie. By then she'd already purchased it. More disturbing, unless I was mistaken, I'd seen that mirror before. The gold-plated frame with inset pearls was identical to one I'd given as a gift many years ago.

Her name was Kara Devine, and she was an up-and-coming singer at one of the prestigious clubs in New Orleans. I knew my way around most of the establishments on Bourbon Street, so it was not very difficult or expensive to finagle a trip backstage to her dressing room.

Quentin-Miss Devine?

Kara-Let me guess. You've heard me sing, you find me enchanting, and you simply have to get to know me by offering a drink. That is, if you're a gentleman. If you are not a gentleman, if you are a scoundrel, you then you would like to have more than a drink with me. Either way, a drink is the first step. Have I summed up your agenda so far?

Quentin-I take it you've had admirers accost you backstage before.

Kara-Many times Mr.?

Quentin-Collins, Quentin Collins.

Kara-Ah, Mr. Quentin Collins, I'm Kara Devine. Are you a gentleman or a scoundrel? Quentin-A bit of both, Miss Devine.

Kara-Well I could use a drink. Will you buy me one?

Quentin-I'd be delighted to.

Kara-I need you to know I don't normally accept drinks from admirers, be they gentlemen, scoundrels, or some obscure hybrid. But there's something about you; I feel a connection.

Quentin-I felt the same way when I saw you on stage tonight. You sing, dare I say it, divinely.

Kara-Hence the name. I wasn't born with it.

Quentin-Ah, an alias. Kara-Um, we call them stage names, Mr. Collins. It makes us seem a little more respectable.

Quentin-So what is your real name? Kara-Kara Devine. That's the real me. The butterfly that emerged from the cocoon left the chrysalis of her old life behind. The name I was born with is utterly boring. I was not consulted about it; it was chosen for me. So I feel no obligation to use it. Do you mind going to the Kit Kat?

Quentin-Not at all. Any particular reason?

Kara-It's one of the few clubs where no one will care who I am, and I want some privacy tonight.

She offered me her arm and we made our way to the club, jockeying between tourists and drunken carousers who ambled along Bourbon Street. Along the way, I marveled at my willingness to give her my real name. I'd been using aliases for some time. There was something about her that compelled me to be open and honest with her.

Kara-Marco, table for two please, in the back.

Quentin-I take it you come here often. Kara-Yes, quite often, to meet my manager. I assure you, I do not routinely come here with admirers.

Quentin-Well now, I feel special.

Kara-You should.

Quentin-So how long will you be in New Orleans?

Kara-I'm not sure, but I don't think it will be long. I just recorded a song, "I'm Searching for a Man with a Heart of Gold." We have high hopes it will get airplay and propel me to bigger and better things.

Quentin-Bigger and better than New Orleans? Kara-New Orleans is a nice place to start, but I have bigger ambitions.

Quentin-Oh and what are those? Kara-To conquer the world, Mr. Collins. To have every person know me through my music, my movies, and who knows, perhaps even books.

Quentin-Quentin, please. I had no idea you were an actress and a writer.

Kara-I'm not, yet. But I will be, Quentin. Keep an eye on the billboards. This face will be on it.

I was both amused and enchanted by her vanity and confidence. We passed the rest of the evening pleasantly and agreed to see each other again for dinner. That date led to a second, and a third. Soon we were an item, and her single had sold a million copies and had earned a gold record. I gave her the mirror to commemorate the milestone. It was not extravagantly expensive, but it wasn't a tawdry dime store item either. It was the last time I'd see her for quite a while. She was embarking on a long tour to promote the hit song.

Maggie-Quentin! You were a million miles away!

Quentin-Oh, I'm sorry, Maggie.

Maggie-Penny for your thoughts!

Quentin-I was just thinking about how lucky we are.

Maggie-Good answer. I'm not sure if it is an honest one, but it's a good answer.

We finished our meal and drove back to Collinwood. Maggie was very quiet and spent the time absentmindedly gazing into the mirror. When we pulled into the driveway she told me she intended to spend the rest of the afternoon preparing lessons for David. Even after all this time she still felt daunted by the task of educating the bright but difficult boy. I dug out some of Kara's old records reminisced while drinking some brandy.

After dinner, I made my way to the Parallel Time Room in the East Wing, ostensibly to see if I could find any hint about Barnabas' fate. I found Maggie there watching her doppelganger rifle through a drawer. Her Quentin came in, startling her.

Maggie-Oh, Quentin, I was looking for some stationery. I wanted to acknowledge some of the wedding gifts we've received.

Quentin-Now Maggie, you know I don't like finding you in here!

Maggie-I'm sorry Quentin; I just didn't know where to find...

Quentin-It's all right, Maggie. I'm not angry. It's just, well in future I'd prefer it if you'd ask me or Hoffman where to find what you need. I don't want this room disturbed!

Maggie-(Hurt) Very well, Quentin. Quentin-Maggie, I'm sorry. Come here. Hey, don't cry. I'm not sure my insurance covers that kind of a flood.

Maggie-I've just felt so distant from you.

Quentin-I can't explain it all. I just want my memories of her locked away in here so that we can be together, freely in the rest of the house.

Maggie-All right if that's how you want it (They kiss).

Quentin-Come on, Maggie, let's go (we hear them leave).

Maggie-Do you think that their love, their marriage is a sign that we are destined to be together? Quentin-I don't believe in destiny, Maggie. We make our own futures. Maggie-Just as they are, that other you and me? I held her close to me. I couldn't explain that the Quentin in that time was not an alternate version of me. He represents a future that might have been, if not for Charles Delaware Tate's portrait. He's no more my counterpart than the Chris of that time is. Both are descendents of my doppelganger, who is no doubt long dead and in his grave. Was his marriage happier than mine? I couldn't know for sure, but his descendant bore his name. In that reality, Chris was a Collins not a Jennings. And their Quentin was my counterpart's namesake. In Egypt, I'd seen scarab beetles trapped in amber. They were timeless, motionless, and unchanging, much like me. Oh I could move about in the world, but in terms of time, I was as stuck as the scarab.

Quentin-They don't appear to be very happily married. They seem to quarrel an awful lot. Today seems to be the exception.

Maggie-Hopefully we'll be happier! I think I'm ready for bed.

That night I dreamt of Kara. She was resplendent as usual, always dressing as if she were heading off to a ball. She was beaming as she ran into my arms.

Kara-Quentin, I have the most FABULOUS news!

Quentin-Oh and what's got you so excited?

Kara-"I'm Searching for a Man with a Heart of Gold" hit NUMBER ONE last night! It took a fast climb and claimed the top spot!

Quentin-That's fabulous! Shall we celebrate tonight? Kara-Oh yes, we simply MUST. This is an event that MUST be celebrated at Pierre's for sure!

Quentin-By all means.

Kara-It means it's onward and upwards for me Quentin. Nothing but the best. I'm off on a 6-month tour tomorrow!

That was how I learned that we would be separated. Kara was a free spirit who would not be tied down. I was well aware that I was being used and taken for granted, but I didn't mind. She was fun to be with and filled my time-weary life with a bit of excitement. It should also be noted that I was not strictly faithful to her. Ours was a flexible arrangement. We didn't flaunt our other lovers, but I'm fairly certain she had them, as I did. If she didn't have anyone else, she certainly didn't demand exclusivity from me. It was on this day, the eve of her first whirlwind tour, that I purchased the mirror. I presented it to her at Pierre's, between the appetizer and the entrée.

Kara-Oh it's simply FABULOUS, darling! Thank you! I'll take it with me on tour and use it for my makeup each and every night! You know I'm going to miss you terribly! I tried to have Carter allow me to bring you along, but he said it really wouldn't be feasible. Besides, I'll be FRIGHTFULLY busy travelling, rehearsing, and performing. There simply wouldn't be time for us. You'd be frightfully bored. Quentin-Don't worry, Kara; I'll find some way to keep myself amused while you're away.

Kara-Oh, I'll miss you TERRIBLY. I'll call you every day and write to you as well.

Kara and I spoke on the phone twice and exchanged one letter.

The next morning Maggie favored me enthusiastically with a kiss. Maggie-Quentin, you simply MUST take me shopping!

Quentin-Shopping? Didn't we just go shopping yesterday? Maggie-No, silly, that wasn't shopping. That was antiquing; it's a whole other animal! No shopping is for necessities! I need a whole NEW wardrobe. I'm so tired of these drab rags I've been wearing.

Quentin-Now Maggie, I've always liked your choice in clothes. They're tasteful and trendy.

Maggie-Trendy? Quentin, you have ABSOLUTELY no taste in clothing! They are drab, boring, and utterly out of fashion! No, I want to replace the whole closetful.

Quentin-And what about money? A governess does not make a princess' allowance.

Maggie-I have money saved from Pop's life insurance, and there's the rent on the house. Quentin-I thought that was your nest egg for a rainy day.

Maggie-Oh pooh! In case you haven't noticed, it's pouring outside, and I'm in the mood for an omelet. Now are you going to be a gentleman and come with me, or will you be a scoundrel and make me go by myself? I'm famished! Why not take me out to eat first?

Quentin-All right, we can stop by the coffee shop.

Maggie-I thought we might grab a slice of toast and a glass of juice before we leave and have brunch in Bangor. I need to stop at the bank and get some money.

I was puzzled by Maggie's odd behavior. Normally, she placed relatively little importance on clothing. True, she did buy a new wardrobe before coming to work at Collinwood, but that was because she felt intimidated by the family. Elizabeth insisted that everyone dress for dinner. Maggie had felt a tad frumpy even in some of the nicer clothes she owned. She was accustomed to dressing for nothing more formal than a night at the Blue Whale or the occasional a church service. She'd bought a few outfits that made her feel like she could fit in, but they were sensible and far from frivolous. This new attitude towards style and fashion was totally out of character for her. I winced at the amount of money she withdrew from the bank. She gave me a devil-may-care smile and motioned me to the car.

Maggie-I'm in the mood for champagne!

Quentin-I think they only serve that for brunch on Sundays.

Maggie-Maine can be so provincial. In New Orleans you can find a champagne brunch every day!

Quentin-Why did you bring up New Orleans!?

Maggie-Why not? It's true. Quentin-Yes, but why that city?

Maggie-I don't know, it's just the one that popped into my mind.

Quentin-Have you ever been there?

Maggie-Of course...not. No, I've never been there.

Quentin-Maggie, are you feeling all right? Maggie-NEVER BETTER! Why do you ask? Quentin-You just don't seem to be yourself. You've never been one for shopping, at least not the kind of expedition you're planning today.

Maggie-Then maybe that's the OLD Maggie. Maybe I'm fed up with being put upon! I need someone who will take care of me for a change.

Quentin-Put upon?

Maggie-Yes, all my life. I gave up my dreams for college to take care of my Pop. Then Joe Haskell turned out to be a baby basket case. Maybe I've just decided that it's time to put me, Maggie Evans, first. Is the new Maggie not to your liking?

Quentin-I never said that. It just took me by surprise.

Maggie-It's taken me by surprise too, Quentin. Honestly, I didn't go to bed saying, tomorrow I need to go on a shopping spree. It's just something I felt compelled to do. At least I'm doing it responsibly, with cash. I'm not taking my man's credit card and running off to the shops screaming, "CHARGE IT!"(They laugh).

We drove the rest of the way in silence, neither of us wanting to break the easy truce her little joke had created. I prayed I was not being paranoid, that the coincidence of her buying Kara's mirror and her abrupt change in personality were not indicative of yet another sinister curse at Collinwood. Perhaps she really was tired of scrimping and saving and was feeling that life and youth were passing her by. I never reached that point in my life. When Tate painted my portrait, I was convinced, in the depths of my soul, that I'd be young forever. The thought that middle age would come sooner than I expected had never crossed my mind. Thanks to the painting, it never did.

The brunch Maggie had lobbied for so passionately did not seem to be to her liking. She sampled a bit of everything but ate practically nothing. She just absentmindedly poked her fork at the various delicacies, only occasionally consuming a morsel.

Quentin-Something on your mind?

Maggie-No, what makes you ask that?

Quentin-You're so quiet, and you've hardly touched your food.

Maggie-(with mock levity) I'm just watching my girlish figure.

Quentin-Your figure is fine. Maggie-(explosively) Quentin, I'm just not happy with where my life is heading.

Quentin- Aren't you happy at Collinwood?

Maggie-(long pause) I was until...

Quentin- Until when?

Maggie- Nothing, let's drop it.

I did not argue and kept my concerns unspoken. I was more worried than I had let on. Maggie appeared to be worn and haggard. Her face seemed more careworn and lined, as if she was at least 5 years older. Abruptly, Maggie glumly announced that she wasn't in the mood to shop any longer. We finished our meal in silence and headed back to Collinwood. Maggie spent most of the drive gazing into the mirror occasionally inspecting a strand of hair.

The dearth of conversation gave my mind liberty to reminisce on old times.

Kara-(on the phone) Carter, I'm a bit confused about these shows you've booked for me. (Pause)-Well in the first place there are no new songs. (Pause)-I know that the last one didn't get much airplay, but isn't that part of the purpose of these shows, to expose audiences to new material? (Pause)-Tell them I refuse to do the oldies if they don't allow me to bring in the new material. Pause-I'm sure they're bluffing, Carter. (Pause)-All right then, tell them I will do it, but when the new material starts charting, we'll be charging a premium to play it. Make sure they know that (she slams the phone down)!

Kara-Can you believe the nerve? Quentin-They don't like the new songs? Kara-Oh Carter's losing his backbone in his old age. The new songs are slow starters, and he's giving up on them before they have time to mature and grow on the audience. My fans are out there, and they'll turn them into gold.

Quentin-I'm sure they will.

Kara-You're not exactly exuding confidence!

Quentin-Now what is that supposed to mean?

Kara-Exactly what I said; you don't seem to be optimistic!

A bump in the road jolted me back to the here and now. Maggie exited the car without a word and made her way into the house. Her attitude made it clear she wanted to be alone. I decided to return to the Parallel Time Room. I told myself I was hoping to find out what had happened to Barnabas, find out if he was alive and happy in that strange world. Deep down I knew I was really there to catch a glimpse of that other Maggie. I had brought a book to pass the time. The Parallel Time vigil can be tedious, composed of many hours peering into an empty room. Nearly one hundred pages later, I was about to give up when Maggie entered the room, anguish etched on her face. She turned and glared up at the world's incarnation of Angelique.

Maggie-How can I ever live up to the standards you set? Will I ever fit in here? I don't dress right. I'm constantly saying things that inappropriate and upsetting (she bursts into tears).

I was moved to pity for this twin of the woman I cared for so deeply. In her own way, she was as deeply troubled as my Maggie was. I wanted to pierce the veil that separated us and comfort her, but of course that was impossible. With a sigh, I left the room and its anxieties behind and decided to see if Maggie was feeling more sociable.

Quentin-Mirror, mirror in her hand who's the most beautiful woman in the land?

Maggie-OH! Quentin, you startled me!

Quentin-I'm sorry. Maggie-Oh it's not your fault, really. I was staring intently at myself. I found a grey hair!

Quentin-Now that's not such a big deal is it? Maggie-Well, then, Mr. Quentin Collins, how many do you have?

Quentin-My scalp feels like a plucked chicken!

Maggie-Somehow I doubt that.

Quentin-Now Maggie, grey hairs are a part of life, unfortunately. And you've only found one. You are a young, very attractive woman, who found a single grey hair one day while gazing into a mirror. It's hardly a sign you're ready for the retirement home.

Maggie-Oh stop! Of course not. But I am beginning to wonder about the direction my life is taking.

Quentin-Aren't you happy here at Collinwood?

Maggie-I'm happy enough. David is a bright boy.

Quentin-And from all accounts, you're doing quite well with him.

Maggie-Quentin, he teaches himself. He doesn't need me as his teacher. I'm his disciplinarian. If he could find the drive to apply himself, he could educate himself. Remember, Vicki was a teacher. I'm a just high school graduate. I wouldn't be qualified to be paid to teach anyone outside of Collinsport.

Quentin-I think you're selling yourself short, Maggie. First of all, many children could teach themselves, if they were mature enough to do so. A major part of a teacher's job is motivating their pupils to learn. Second, David has taken to you, and that's no easy task. He's learning because you understand him and know when to be firm and when to be lenient. Why all these doubts all of a sudden? Maggie-Oh, regrets I suppose.

Quentin-Regrets about what? Maggie-When I was little, it was taken for granted that I'd go to college. I had this crazy idea I might make a good nurse.

Quentin-That doesn't sound so crazy to me. What happened?

Maggie-My mother died when I was young. Pop was never the same again. He always liked to drink, but after my mother passed on, he sank deeper and deeper into the bottle. I had to take on two full-time jobs. One was at the coffee shop; the other was at home taking care of him. When Joe came along, Joe Haskell, I've talked about him before, haven't I?

Quentin-Yes.

Maggie-We were engaged, and once again, I had my life all mapped out. I'd get married, have a family, put them through school, and then fawn on grandchildren. Then he had that breakdown. I visit him every once in a while, but it's so heartbreaking to watch him staring blankly at the walls. Once in a while, he recognizes me and warns me.

Quentin-About what?

Maggie-(laughs) About staying away from Collinwood! I certainly didn't tell him I'm living here now

Quentin-Well it seems to me that you still have plenty of time for a family with someone else, if that's what you want.

Maggie-Is that what you want? What are your plans for the future?

Quentin-Right now, I have none. Call me a wandering soul!

Maggie-Better be careful!

Quentin-Of what? Maggie-Of time marching on. You may decide to stop, but it won't. It'll keep going on and roll right over you. I left the room smiling at how ironic her advice was.

Maggie-(oblivious to Quentin's exit) Time just marches on and on and on...

Kara-How do I look? Quentin-You look fine.

Kara-Just fine?

Quentin-No, I'm sorry, not fine. You look enchantingly beautiful!

Kara-do you mean it? Quentin-Of course I do! Why do you ask? Did you change your hair? New dress?

Kara-No, silly! Don't I look at all different?

Quentin-Yes, yes you do! That necklace, I've never seen it before. It sets off your eyes.

Kara-(sulkily) Well the necklace is new, but that's not what I'm talking about.

Quentin-Well then, you are going to have to help me out my dear.

Kara-Come, look at me in the light!

Quentin-What am I supposed to see?

Kara-Don't you see any change? It's as plain as day to me!

Quentin-What change?!

Kara-(angrily) I'm looking younger!

Quentin-Younger? Well, now that you mention it...

Kara-Don't try to lie and save face, Quentin Collins! You didn't notice. You are the least observant person I know. I bought this fantastic anti-aging regimen. It consists of a crème for the wrinkles, some wonder-pills, and a strict diet. I've been taking it for a month now and I feel FANTASTIC. So much energy and look, even some of the wrinkles are gone!

We'd seen more of each other recently, and the relationship was sagging under the weight of her insecurities. Touring had come to a near standstill. She'd been asked to perform a few times in the last year, the set list again comprised strictly of oldies and standard cover tunes. She recorded a few more records, but they had failed to even make more than the tiniest ripple, appearing briefly at the bottom of the chart, before sinking into obscurity. She'd spent a few weeks in Vegas playing for a few nights at some of the casinos, especially to the older crowds.

Mostly she hung around New Orleans where she was still a hot item. She never had trouble getting gigs in the French Quarter where there were people who would generously tip for the opportunity to hear "I'm Searching for a Man with a Heart of Gold" for a birthday, anniversary, or just about any other occasion.

I was tempted to wander away again. Although we generally ended up back together again, we rarely were together for more than a few months at a time. Recently, she'd been obsessed with aging. Her desperation had led her to seek out a peddler in the Quarter who claimed to have, if not the secret to eternal youth, at least a way to substantially prolong it. The crème was nothing more than makeup she used to cover up a few of the lesser lines and crow's feet. The diet seemed healthy enough, but nothing about it suggested to me that it would help her retain her youth. The pills she'd been swallowing seemed to play havoc with her moods. One night, she'd be deliriously cheerful and upbeat, the next morning, moody and argumentative. I stuck around because during her upbeat periods, she was still charming and enchanting company. These spells were becoming less and less frequent. Even worse, our free and easy relationship had begun to morph into something confining and combative. The days when she'd bid farewell to me and blithely embark on long tours were gone. As much as I enjoyed the time with her, I also welcomed the separation. As her career crumbled, she reached out to me with greedy talons, digging them into my arm.

Any plan I may have had to break off our relationship was delayed the day I found her unconscious. Kara had taken a combination of sleeping pills and alcohol. Her manager, Carter, raced to the scene to attempt damage control and keep the incident out of the papers. It was ruled an accidental overdose and not a suicide attempt. The next day, flowers in hand, I visited her in the hospital.

Quentin-Well, how are you today?

Kara-Oh fine! I feel a little stupid. I had a few drinks and couldn't sleep, so I took a few pills. Quentin-Are you sure that's all it was?

Kara-Oh you're as bad as Carter! Of course it was. I'd never attempt anything like that as long as I have you in my life!

And there it was-that simple statement redefined our relationship over the next few months. At least once a week, I'd get a call from one of the clubs, usually in the wee hours of the morning. "Hey, you better pick up your girlfriend, she's causing a scene. I don't want to have to call the cops." So I'd race down to whatever dive she was in and take her home. On one occasion, she was particularly unpleasant.

Kara-Go 'way Quentin. Unless you want to join me for a drink!

Quentin-Don't you think you've had enough?

Kara-No, no, no, I don't think I've had enough. The night is still young- young and beautiful! Like I used to be!

Quentin-You're still beautiful Kara!

Kara-Oh am I? Well then, Mr. Quentin Collins, who incidentally still looks the same as the day I met him, read this!

Quentin-"Kara Devine gave a very satisfactory performance of her old numbers and some standards last night. Her signature tune, 'Searching for a Man with a Heart of Gold,' like her, has aged well. Slightly dated, yet charming, it's a relic of a bygone age. That's Kara Devine, a memento of time past." Now Kara, I don't think this is such a bad review.

Kara-It's HORRID! He called me old!

Quentin-Where does it say that?

Kara-Gimme that! Can't even read! Right here, "has aged well!" He called me OLD!

Quentin-Kara, the sad fact is...we all grow old. Time marches on!

Kara-Not for you! You haven't changed a bit since we first met!

Quentin-Come on, Kara, that's the liquor talking. Of course I've changed! It's just too dark in here for you to notice.

When I finally got her home and into bed, I snuck out and found a store with grey dye and discreetly painted a few streaks in my hair. In the morning she remarked, "Oh, I guess you have aged after all!"

Soon after breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Stoddard called. She'd forgotten to drop off some of David's old clothes and books for a fundraiser at church. She'd asked if Maggie would mind dropping them off before noon. She agreed graciously, but her manner changed when she hung up the phone.

Maggie-OH that woman! She can be SO forgetful at times!

I was tempted to point out that Maggie was a paid employee and that her duties had been phenomenally light since the family had gone away. This little errand could hardly mar the paid holiday she'd received. I held my tongue, suspecting that something more sinister was involved. I waited until she left and made my way to her room. The mirror was on the dressing table. I hated the mere thought of intruding into Maggie's private domain and destroying her property, but I was convinced that a malevolent force was influencing her. I vowed to make it up to her by purchasing something equally nice. I nudged the mirror off the table. It bounced and came to rest on the hard floor. I examined it closely. It was unmarred. I dashed it against the edge of the table. The wood bore the telltale mark of my abuse, but the mirror gazed mockingly back at me. Fury rose in me. I gripped it tightly and made my way to the cellar. There I found some of the former handyman's tools. "A hammer should do the trick!" It did not. Neither did the axe. I swung with it until my arms screamed out in agony for me to stop, but the wretched glass was pristine. Infuriated, I snatched it up and raced to Widows Hill hurling the offending object to the jagged rocks below. It flashed briefly on the rocks before the sea. I gazed at the tumultuous waves for some time, feeling relief wash over me. I felt almost completely certain the crisis was past. I returned to the house in good spirits. Maggie had already returned.

Maggie-Quentin, have you seen my mirror?

Quentin-No, Maggie, I haven't.

Maggie-Now that's strange! It can't have walked away.

Quentin-Where did you have it last? Maggie-I thought it was on my dressing table, but I've been so muddled lately, I suppose it could be anywhere!

OH THERE IT IS! Quentin-Where? Maggie-On the sofa in the Drawing Room! Now how did you get in here? How indeed? Whatever malevolent force was emanating from that cursed object, it was powerful enough to transport itself from a watery grave back to its owner in mere minutes.

Suddenly it hit me. I decided to do what I should have done in the first place; call Professor Stokes. He answered immediately, and I informed him about my dilemma. "Hmmm, it sounds like cursed object, one that's possessed by the soul of its former owner." He asked me a few more questions and then suggested that I resort to the rite of exorcism. "I have some books on the subject, if you'd like to borrow them." I thanked him and told him I'd be right over to pick them up.

After returning, books in hand, I fretted about how I was going to obtain the mirror. I was not relishing the thought of having to creep around her room like a burglar to obtain it. As it turned out, she made the task all too easy. I was reading the book Stokes had lent me when I was interrupted by the sound of shattering glass. I raced downstairs to find Maggie drunk staring blankly at the remains of the brandy decanter.

Maggie-I don't even want to think about how much that must cost!

Quentin-Maggie, what are you doing? Maggie-What does it look like I'm doing? I'm celebrating!

Quentin-Celebrating? What on earth do you have to celebrate about now? Maggie-I am celebrating my liberation from the Collins family!

Quentin-Are you planning to leave? Maggie-No, they're planning to fire me!

Quentin-Now where did you get that idea? Maggie-It's like this. Roger is taking David and the family to see that school. Elizabeth wouldn't be going if she weren't half sold on the idea. So that means in all likelihood, Roger Collins will have his way, and David will be shipped off to boarding school in the fall! So where does that leave Maggie Evans?

Quentin-I'm sure they'll find another position for you.

Maggie-As what, a companion to Mrs. Stoddard? Maybe in the old days, when she was a recluse, maybe then I'd have been needed. If I were given that job now, it would be charity. Poor orphaned Maggie Evans, whose father was driven to drink by...

Quentin-By what? Maggie-By one of YOUR family's scandals!

Quentin-Now what is that supposed to mean? Maggie-Ask Roger about the accident some time.

Quentin-What accident? Maggie you're not making sense.

Maggie-Never mind. Let's just say there was an accident, someone was killed, and Roger Collins bought some paintings from my father. He paid a handsome sum, except he wasn't paying for the art, he was paying for silence.

Quentin-Are you saying that Roger killed a man? Maggie-I'm not saying anything. I just want another drink!

Quentin-I think you've had enough!

Maggie-Hah! That's a laugh, coming from Mr. Quentin Collins, a man who consumes more than half the brandy sold in Collinsport! Quentin-Yes, but when was the last time you saw me out of control? Now come with me, I'm taking you to bed.

Maggie-I'm having another drink!

Quentin-You are coming to bed, young lady. Do I have to carry you?

Maggie-You wouldn't dare!

Quentin-Try me!

Maggie-(she sounds like the old Maggie for a moment) Quentin, what's happening to me? Quentin-I don't know Maggie. Please don't fight me. Let me take you up to bed.

She nodded and I followed her upstairs. I lingered outside her doorway and waited for the telltale signs that she was asleep. I did not have to wait long. She was obviously in a deep, alcohol-induced slumber. I crept into her room and pilfered the mirror.

I brought it into the Drawing Room and laid it on the desk. I grasped the stick I was to use as a divining rod and recited the incantation. "I abjure thee, contemptuous and evil spirit, by the judge of the quick and the dead, by the maker of all things, by Him who has power to put thee in Hell, depart in haste from the confines of this house. Thou restless and unquiet shade, creature of the netherworld pit, where the fire is never quenched, return to thy winding sheets, and set the living free, in the name of the Lord. Alien spirit, defiler of innocence, persecutor of virtue, in the name of the Lord, cast thyself back to the outer darkness, from whence thee came." Suddenly the wind picked up, blowing a window inward. A sudden bolt of lightning punctuated by a simultaneous barrage of thunder illuminated the room.

The doors to the drawing room were flung open. Maggie stood there a moment, her expression blank, her face pale. Then she cried out in agony and crumpled to the floor, face down. I ran to her. "Maggie! Maggie!" I knelt beside her as she lifted her head to face me. "Dear Lord!" She had aged about twenty years. Although still beautiful, streaks of grey peppered her hair. Crow's feet surrounded her eyes as they narrowed to regard me with interest.

Maggie-Quentin, is that you?

Quentin-Maggie, it's me. Now, don't panic, but...

Maggie-Dear, dear Quentin. I'm not Maggie! I'm Kara!

Quentin-Kara?! But how is that possible? Maggie-Do you remember my song "Omnia Vincit Amor, Love Conquers All?" Well, hate is just as powerful and the desire for revenge can transcend death! You are invulnerable, beyond my reach, directly. But I can still make you pay! Tell me, Quentin. What do you see?

Quentin- Dear Lord! Maggie! She's aging before my eyes, wrinkles and creases forming! Her hair is totally grey!

Maggie (old woman voice) Yes, Quentin, watch your love die! She will die as alone and discarded as I did. Do you remember our last meeting?

Kara-Quentin, where were you?

Quentin-I went out for some air! Kara, stop stifling me!

Kara-You were gone for hours! Who is it, Quentin? Some bimbo at the Tick Tock Lounge? Quentin-Oh for God's sake, Kara, are we going to go into this again? Kara-Tell me I'm wrong; tell me there's no one else!

Quentin-There isn't!

Kara-Quentin, I'm not a fool. I see myself in the mirror, aging every day. My hair, my eyes, my skin. I try to cover it, but in the end it's like trying to stave off the ocean with a sand shovel and pail.

Quentin-You're still a very beautiful woman, Kara.

Kara-Oh yes, for a woman of my years. That's the part you left out. I age every day and you never do!

Quentin-(hesitates) I'm aging Kara. Everyone ages! Kara-Don't lie to me! I saw you the other dyeing your hair. I thought wonderful! At last he's showing some sign of decline. When you left, I noticed the bottle was GREY!

Quentin-Listen to me, Kara, I can explain.

Kara-No, you can't explain any more than you can tell me that you weren't out chasing some skirt just now.

Quentin-Honestly, Kara, I went out for a drink, nothing more!

Kara-Why not ask me along? Did you think maybe I might want one as well? Quentin-(anger rising) I went alone because you are stifling me with your neediness and insecurity! That's what's driving me away, not your years!

Kara-Admit it then, you are planning to leave me!

Quentin-It's a definite possibility, Kara, if you can't get over these paranoid fears!

Kara-Oh paranoid am I? Who is Amanda Harris?

Quentin-(stunned) Someone I knew a very long time ago....

Kara-So long ago you've been making inquiries about her? Quentin-Kara, have you had me followed?

Kara-Oh I've had people keeping an eye on you for a long time. Sometimes you elude them, like tonight. I called the person tailing you, and he told me he'd lost you in a crowd.

Quentin-I don't like being spied upon and I like being betrayed even less! I'm leaving, Kara. This is too insane for me to deal with.

Kara-No, Quentin. This gun says you are going to stay right here.

Quentin-Kara, this is crazy, put that down!

Kara-You just implied I was loony, Quentin! Maybe I'm out to prove you right. If you and I have no future, then neither do you!

Quentin-Kara, NO! (We hear a gunshot)

Kara-Lie there and die, Quentin. When your spirit has fled this mortal coil, I'll lie next to you and put a shot through my heart, and then we shall be lovers for all eternity.

Quentin-I'm sorry to disappoint you!

Kara-What! You..you... Should have tried to play possum, Quentin. This next one will do the trick! (another gunshot and another and another).

Quentin- (in agony) It's pointless, Kara. You can't kill me. Give me the gun. Kara-I avoided your head to preserve your face! You forced this! (She fires again). No! Stay away from me! (She turns the gun on herself)

Quentin-Dear God, Kara! Hang on, I'll get help.

Kara-Damn you, Quentin! Nothing can save me now, and it's better that way.

Quentin-Don't talk like that. I'll be back with an ambulance! (We hear the door slam)

Kara-(narrating in the present) You left before the final act! I was dying, gasping out my last breaths when I heard a voice calling me. Diablos-Kara!

Kara-What? Who?

Diablos-Kara, would you like a second chance for vengeance?

Kara-Too late...dying.

Diablos-Yes, I cannot restore your life force, but I can give you the means for vengeance.

Kara-Where are you? Diablos-Here, in the mirror. (We hear her dragging herself to the mirror) Quentin is an ageless thorn in my side. As long as this mirror exists in this universe, your essence will be tied to it. It will be indestructible and will follow Quentin. Its curse will plague all those whom he loves!

Kara-What do you want in return? Diablos-In return?

Kara-Your price?

Diablos-Ah such a small thing. I almost hesitate to ask. Kara-My soul? Diablos-Yes, that is the usual price for such things.

Kara-Then you are foolish. He's ageless and my spirit will be tied to his. You'll never possess it.

Diablos-Perhaps, I feel pity for you and make the bargain only to save face. Pick up the mirror; your blood on the handle will seal the contract! Quickly, I can only stave off death for a few more moments!

Kara-I see such ugliness! (We hear her last moments...)

Maggie (old woman voice) And so my mirror found you. You tried all you could to destroy it, and it was all for naught. Maggie, your love, will die old and discarded. Then my curse will follow you to the next woman you love.

Quentin-It's tied to the women I love?

Maggie-Yes. You ALMOST found a loophole with Amanda. Her bargain with death kept her beyond my reach, but in the end, the instrument of her salvation also doomed her.

Quentin-There's something wrong here. This brand...

Maggie-What's wrong is, you are about to lose the woman you love. The way I lost you.

Quentin-You're wrong. Maggie (laughs mockingly but with a hint of insecurity) She's dying before your eyes.

Quentin-I'm not in love with Maggie!

Maggie-LIAR!

Quentin-I love her, yes, but being in love is different.

Maggie-I've seen you together! It's love!

Quentin-It's an illusion. I've been too blinded by the spell to recognize this brand. It's the product of a potion! It's a cheat, a LIE! Maggie, fight her; you are not in love with me!

Maggie-She DOES LOVE YOU! She's aging before your eyes! That's proof she loves you!

Quentin-Her belief in that love gives your curse power! Maggie, FIGHT HER!

Maggie-Quentin...NO! SHE CANNOT FIGHT ME

Quentin-YES! SHE IS FIGHTING YOU! She's already getting younger. The wrinkles are fading, the hair returning to brown. Maggie, keep it up! Force her out of your body! You are not in love with me. It was a spell! Remember how conflicted you felt, torn between Barnabas and me! Kara, she's only middle aged now.

Maggie-NO! I WILL NOT GO! Yes, you must go; I do not welcome you here! (She collapses)

Kara-You may have forced her from my body, but my curse is still in effect! You will either live a life bereft of love or watch those dearest to you die horribly. The mirror cannot be destroyed!

Quentin-Yes, about that. There it is. I think I'll hold on to it. Can't take it from me? Poor insubstantial spirit!

Kara-You may have it for all the good it will do you! I don't need to be in possession of it for it to be potent. Try to dispose of it in any way you please. Hurl it from Widow's Hill, drop it into a volcano. It will return like a boomerang.

Quentin-Follow me. I have the perfect place for it. (sounds of them making their way to the East Wing) I want to introduce you to a wondrous room. (We hear the sound of the mirror being thrown into it)

Kara-Do you really think an empty room will shield you from its power? Your immortality must have made you suffer from delusions!

Quentin-Your curse says that nothing in the universe can destroy this mirror. How much power will it have if it is cut off from this dimension? Kara-Whatever do you mean?

Quentin-Be patient and you will see.

Kara-The room....it's changing....

Quentin-Yes, your mirror is now in the world of Parallel Time. How much power are you drawing from it?

Kara-NO! THIS CAN'T BE! I'm fading away! (We hear hellish sounds) NO, PLEASE, KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

Diablos-It is time to pay your debt, Kara; come along!

Kara-NO, PLEASE, NOOOOOOOO!

I turned away, not wanting to see her being dragged off to fulfill her bargain with the Dark Lord. I sprinted down the corridors to where I'd left Maggie. Maggie-Quentin...

Quentin-You're going to be all right Maggie.

After I'd taken Maggie to her room, I went to the Old House to have a "chat" with Angelique. She was packing, planning to move to a little cottage some distance away from town. She told me she was tired of fighting and wished to live out the rest of her days away from people. The temptation to use her powers could be overwhelming. We discussed the love potion and her propensity for meddling in other people's lives. But that's another story. Suffice it to say, she removed the spell and agreed to steer clear of Maggie and me. I made it clear I intended to hold her to that promise. I also reminded her that I would take a dim view of her breaking her word. I've learned a thing or two about the occult in my not so inconsiderable time on this Earth. She'd find me a formidable enemy. We parted friends, even if I had both eyes open.

Maggie was in the Drawing Room when I returned. She wore that telltale frown that indicated she'd been doing some very serious thinking. Quentin-Penny for your thoughts.

Maggie-That expression is so old, it should be up to at least a quarter by now. Inflation, you know.

Quentin-Come on, Maggie, just tell me. Maggie-It's funny, all of a sudden I'm not so certain about...things...

Quentin-Do you mean about us? Maggie-Yes. It's like this wave of chilly water rolled in, giving me very cold feet. I hope this is not terribly disappointing for you, but I don't think I'm ready for a relationship right now. I

need to find out who Maggie Evans is and what she wants from life before I can give myself to another person. Quentin-I understand.
Maggie-That's all? Quentin-What more do you want to hear? Maggie-I want you to tell me what was holding you back from me. It wasn't all one-sided. You are carrying around a terrible burden. Quentin-Maggie, I...
Maggie-No, it's all right, Quentin. You're not ready to share it yet. But when you are, I'll be here.
Quentin-Thank you, Maggie (he kisses her and walks away).
Maggie-(Whispers) when you are ready to trust me.

Foreshadowing "D.S." and Beyond

By Brad Farb

When "Dark Shadows" ended in 1971, fans had to settle with seeking its performers elsewhere. And though the series has become available in recent years (via Sci Fi Channel plus video and DVD especially), it's still interesting to find the series' actors and actresses in roles before, during and after "D.S." that somehow relate to their character(s) and/or the show's otherworldly, gothic and serial themes. (But note that what you won't find here are the many cases in which Dana Elcar plays other law-enforcers or Dennis Patrick con men/villains.)

JOAN BENNETT

In the 1947 feature "Secret Beyond the Door," a drama/film noir mystery, she, as Celia Lamphere, and her new husband settle in an ancient mansion on the East coast. (He has added a wing full of rooms where famous murders took place, and she discovers many secrets about him and the house, including the room he always keeps locked.) As Aunt Alexandria, she knows about the title character having "The Sight," i.e, the family curse's ability to see into the world of the dead, in the 1972 TV movie "The Eyes of Charles Sand." In "Suspiria," a 1977 Italian horror film/cult classic, her last feature film role, she is Madame Blank. And she has the role of a strange old woman, Rag Lady, in the 1981 TV movie "This House Possessed," about a fantastic house in the country that seems strangely familiar to a rock singer's nurse.

JOHN KARLEN

In the feature "Daughters of Darkness" (1971), as the wealthy and secretly sadistic Stefan at an extravagant and eerily deserted, seaside hotel with his new wife, he encounters a Hungarian countess, and virgin corpses begin showing up about the city drained of their blood. In the 1990 TV film "Nightmare On The 13th Floor," he plays Detective Sergeant Madden in the story of a writer who uncovers a Satanic cult which conducts ritualistic murders on the secret floor of a hotel. As Jake Morrison in the 1991 TV movie "Perry Mason: The Case of the Glass Coffin, a magician is accused of murder when his illusion involving the levitation of a glass coffin results in the death of his assistant. He's Lt. Walsh in the 1996 feature "Vampirella," also known as "Roger Corman Presents," about the comic book heroine, a good vampire who drinks serum instead of human blood and is out to stop a race of evil bloodsuckers from preying on mankind.

KATE JACKSON

After portraying student Roberta, who turned out to be in the cult, in the 1973 "Satan's School for Girls," she became the dean in the 2000 TV movie remake. As Victoria Wells in the 1974 TV movie "Killer Bees," she becomes the successor to a woman who controls the insects. In the 1976 TV movie "Death at Love House," she, as Donna Gregory, and her husband are researching a book about long dead Hollywood goddess Lorna Love and staying at Love's estate. (She tries to fight his obsession with Love and break the spell.) She returns to her ghostly roots in the 1979 TV film "Topper," as part of a recently deceased couple trying to get into heaven rather than wander the Earth as invisible souls with no purpose.

JOHN BEAL

The 1954 "Cat Calls" episode of "Inner Sanctum" casts him as an architect driven to nightmares by howling cats beneath his bedroom window. In the 1957 feature "The Vampire," he plays a pill-popping, small-town doctor, Paul Beecher, who mistakenly ingests an experimental drug made from the blood of vampire bats which transforms the kindly medic into a bloodthirsty monster. In the 1960 episode "The Lovers" on "One Step Beyond," evil spirits are determined to break up the romance between his character of Otto Becher, a patron at a Viennese tavern, and Elsa, a beautiful waitress there. As Harold Caswell in the 1983 feature "Amityville 3-D," he plays a phony spiritualist.

JONATHAN FRID

In the 1973 TV movie "The Devil's Daughter," about a young woman who must marry a fellow demon, his silent servant, Mr. Howard, is the sympathetic member of the devil-worshippers. As horror story writer Edmond Blackstone in the 1974 feature film "Seizure," he suffers from a recurring nightmare in which three bizarre figures terrorize him and his family, and then it comes true.

DENNIS PATRICK

He plays one of the first vampires on TV in a 1951 episode of "Stage 13." As Duncan Wells, he meets A.J. Simon, dressed as a Dracula-looking vampire at a costume party, in the 1985 "Simon & Simon" episode "Mummy Talks."

DAVID SELBY

After becoming practicing Satanist Michael Tyrone on "Flamingo Road" (1980-81), his Shag battles ghosts in the 1992 TV movie "Grave Secrets: The Legacy of Hilltop Drive."

ROGER DAVIS

His supporting roles in Rod Serling productions include David, the husband of a woman on horseback who terrorizes her young self in the 1964 "Twilight Zone" episode "The Spur of the Moment," and the nephew, George Beaumont, of a bungling inventor and his forgetful wife in the 1972 "Night Gallery" tale "You Can Come Up Now, Mrs. Millikan," about an immortality experiment. He plays Jeff in "The Wide World of Mystery" episode "A Little Bit Like Murder," a 1973 drama about a malevolent old house pervaded by evil spirits who inflict harm upon the occupants. In the 1974 TV movie "The Killer Bees," he plays Dr. Helmut van Bohlen, whose mother has a psychic control over a swarm. He plays Sonny in a 1977 episode of "The Hardy Boys/Nancy Drew Mysteries" titled "The Mystery of the Haunted House," in which a graveyard figures into the Hardys' investigation of the disappearance of their father.

GRAYSON HALL

"Certain Shadows on the Wall," a 1970 episode of "Rod Serling's Night Gallery" features her as the sister of sickly Emma Brigham, whose shadow is still visible on one wall of the family mansion after her death. She plays Rhea in the 1975 episode "The Two Deaths of Sean Doolittle" in "The Wide World of Mystery" about a man who has absolutely no fear of dying, because he believes he has found a doctor who is able to restore him back to life if he dies.

CLARICE BLACKBURN

She portrays Ann Putnam in the 1967 TV version of "The Crucible," about the Salem witch trials, and plays the ghost of her Mary Lou Northcote character on "Secret Storm" in 1970.

KENNETH McMILLAN

He's Constable Parkins Gillespie in the 1979 miniseries "Salem's Lot," in which a novelist and young horror fan attempt to save a small New England town which has been invaded by vampires.

JERRY LACY

As a regular in the ensemble of the 1970 CBS summer replacement series "Comedy Tonight," he plays the

vampire Count Drago in a vignette satirizing TV soap operas called "Strangest Shadows." As the lead character in the independent films "Doctor Mabuse: Etiopomar" (2014) and "Dr. Mabuse" (2013), he is versed in telepathic hypnosis.

DENISE NICKERSON

As Pamela, Peter's date in the 1974 "Two Petes in a Pod" episode of "The Brady Bunch," she encounters him as he tries to conceal his Dracula costume for a masquerade party.

LARA PARKER

She plays another witch, i.e. the fashion model Madelaine, in the 1975 episode "The Trevi Collection" of "Kolchak: The Night Stalker." Her character, Kelly, and three others deal with Satanists in the 1975 feature "Race with the Devil." As Rachel, she runs a doll shop in the 1982 movie "Foxfire Light." She portrays witch Madame Carrozza in the films "Doctor Mabuse: Etiopomar" (2014) and "Dr. Mabuse" (2013).

KATHRYN LEIGH SCOTT

She practices the dark arts as Susan Carey in the 1980 horror comedy feature "Witches' Brew," ak.a. "Which Witch Is Which?"; she's among friends who use supernatural powers to further their husbands' college campus careers. And she plays witch Madame Von Harbou in the films "Doctor Mabuse: Etiopomar" (2014) and "Dr. Mabuse" (2013),

CHRISTOPHER PENNOCK

He plays the villainous Professor Konratz, a madman who's determined to bring Mabuse down, in the 2014 film "Dr. Mabuse: Etiopomar."

KATHLEEN CODY

Playing "Betty" Parris in the 1967 TV version of "The Crucible," she was one of the young women who accused other people of being witches during the Salem witch trials.

THAYER DAVID

He plays wealthy Thomas Putnam in the 1967 TV version of "The Crucible," about the Salem witch trials. As super villain Hannibal Egloff in "The Night of the Spanish Curse," a 1967 episode of "The Wild Wild West," he employs a secret panel and trap doors. Hannibal Egloff He's the Inspector in the 1973 horror comedy "The Werewolf of Washington," about a reporter sent to Hungary who's bitten by a werewolf and then returns to D.C.

(With thanks to online sources, particularly Internet Movie Database)





Jackson in "Charlie's Angels."



Kate

David Selby in "Falcon Crest."

The Lost Episode- A Summary of "Vengeance at Collinwood" by Jamison Selby

Summarized by Joe Escobar

Dark Shadows fans are fortunate compared to those of other soaps. Devotees of **All My Children** have to deal with the fact that the first several years of their favorite show are lost forever. This is the same situation with most soaps. In **Dark Shadows** fandom we have one lost episode out of 1225. Well, even that segment is not completely gone. You see we have an audio track for that chapter of the serial, so I don't really count that as "lost." You can still hear the dialog set to slides of the characters from previous episodes. We also have a movie that was butchered and is in dire need of restoration. Aside from that, everything is there. Or is it?

There's one story that was presented to an audience that may never be seen or heard. "Vengeance at Collinwood" by Jamison Selby was performed at the 2005 "Dark Shadows Festival." It is a sequel to the audio drama "Return to Collinwood." Unlike its predecessor, "Vengeance at Collinwood" was not released on CD and no private recordings of the show have surfaced. I was given a chance to read the script for the play and summarize the plot.

"A chill wind blows through the woods off Eagle Hill. The high halls of Collinwood stand sentinel to the changing seasons and the rolling tides of time...something cold and dark feels the heartbeat of Collinwood drum in its veins and wakes the icy slumber of an unhallowed grave...The hot blood of rage flows through its fractured soul. It opens its mouth and cracks the stale fetid air with a cry of vengeance."

A "Soft night breeze rustles the curtains, crickets chirp softly in the distance" as Maggie asks Quentin, "What are you doing awake?" He answers her that he thought he heard something and some playful banter ensues.

Maggie-I didn't hear anything.

Quentin- No, I mean, I didn't hear anything. I just thought...something woke me, that's all

Maggie-You thought you heard something?

Quentin-Yeah.

Maggie-But you didn't hear something?

Quentin-No, I suppose I didn't.

Maggie-You have very sensitive ears.

Quentin-I've been told that.

The discussion turns to the beauty of the night and Maggie observes that "The moonlight's so bright. You could almost read by it."

Quentin muses that night in contrast to the day with all of its colors, is a spectrum of shades of gray. "The nighttime is basic. It has a raw truth."

Maggie quips, "Philosophy by moonlight?"

Quentin- All things show their true colors by night.

The conversation turns more amorous and we cut to Willie and Jessica at the Blue Whale. As was heard in the last story, Willie is again having trouble with the skipping juke box he purchased on EBay. Jessica announces, "Last call, boys and girls. I love you, but I can't keep you, so go home!"

Willie jokes, "My sweet you have such a warm way of telling our customers to get lost." They engage in romantic banter about running the bar. The juke box skips again and Tony Peterson enters asking for a pint. Willie asks, "You been to Collinsport before?"

Tony answers, "Long time ago. But I remember the Blue Whale." When Willie notes that he looks familiar and wonders if they've met, Tony replies, "It's possible. I did a bit of work for the Collins family back, Lord it must be going on thirty years now."

Willie decides to have a beer with Tony and he announces that his company has some business ideas he wants to pitch to the Collins family. Willie points out that he will want to talk to Quentin. Tony agrees and wants to know if Quentin, "Stays at the Big House these days..?"

The mundane conversation is interrupted by the reverbering voice of Trask proclaiming, "This simpering fool should die with the rest of them."

Apparently Trask's voice is not as clearly audible to Willie as it is to the audience. When Willie requests that Tony repeat it, Tony brushes him off with, "Just the mind running in place." The conversation turns to Cassandra. Willie informs him that she's staying at Rose Cottage. Tony makes a remark about her beauty.

Willie ironically points out, "Yeah you could say that. She's always up to something, that one. Keeps herself busy."

Jessica issues an order offstage. "Willie, time to chase out the strays!"

Tony hands Willie his card bearing the name Trask Industries. Willie mentions that Trask is "A local name."

Tony informs him that, "Company founders were from these parts I believe." Willie predicts that they will see each other again. "You can count on it, Mr. Loomis." Tony leaves and the jukebox skips again.

The next scene is set in a small hotel. Tony and Trask are having a discussion about Cassandra. As before, Trask's lines have a heavy reverb effect.

Tony-She's here. She's come back in the flesh.

Trask-You must move quickly

Tony-Everything is almost ready

Trask-The witch must not escape!

Tony-She won't

Trask-Take her now, while she sleeps!

Tony-I'll do it when I'm ready.

Trask-You stink of fear. You're a coward.

Tony-I fear nothing. Just shut up.

Trask-Stop your whimpering!

Tony-Shut up! I know what I have to do!

Trask-Then strike now while they sleep! Burn them all to ashes!

Tony-Just be silent. Everything will fall into place. She will not suspect a thing, until it is far too late. Then we will have our revenge.

Trask-Yes.

Tony-After all these years I will take the witch's heart and burn it. She will suffer as we have suffered, as our family has suffered.

Trask-I will hear her screams as she burns. Her beautiful screams. The witch shall die!

Tony-Yes. Angelique Du Pres will die. She'll die a final time and her soul will burn for all eternity.

Trask-Yes she must burn! Angelique must burn in Hell!

The next day, Cassandra comes to call, "Anyone home? Hello, hello."

Carolyn answers her summons using a sarcastic tone, "Cassandra, so lovely to see you."

Cassandra-Isn't it though? Carolyn, I treasure these little moments we get to share.

Carolyn-Me too. It makes me all giddy inside.

Cassandra-I've dropped by in search of sustenance. The cupboards of Rose Cottage are bare at the moment. Have your household staff vacated their posts? (CALLING OUT) Mrs. Franklin!

Carolyn informs her that Mrs. Franklin is away visiting her family and Ned is travelling. There is a knock on the door as the two trade barbs.

Tony is at the door and reintroduces himself to Carolyn, who is very surprised and pleased to see him. He repeats the story about his business with Quentin. Cassandra comments that Tony looks familiar." They engage in small talk and Cassandra invites him over for dinner. He apologizes, claiming he's "Booked for the evening" and suggests another night. Cassandra urges Carolyn to invite him for dinner. She agrees and they decide to set a date. Cassandra remarks that Tony reminds her of someone. As he's leaving, Tony tells her that he looks forward to continuing the discussion soon. Cassandra spends the rest of the scene teasing Carolyn about her past relationship with Tony and points out that it's a big house and Ned is away.

Tony arrives for his 3:00 meeting with Quentin. He hopes to interest Quentin in a "long-term study on the effects of global warming on the fishing industry of the Northern Atlantic." Quentin inquires if the name of his firm is, "Salem Dynamic Research." Tony informs him that, "It's a division of "Trask Industries." Quentin points out that, "Trask is a familiar name in Collinsport," and wants to know if Tony has been to Collinsport before. He says that he has been there before and done work for the Collins family but that he and Quentin had never met. It's interesting that Tony never mentions growing up in the town. Quentin remarks that he looks familiar and they agree to meet for dinner at the Blue Whale at 7:00. After Tony leaves, Quentin informs his secretary, Briana, that he'll be out of the office. "I have a bit of research to do."

At the Old House, Quentin startles Willie as he is relaxing in his new hot tub. Quentin quizzes him about what he knows about Tony. Willie informs him of the past relationship he had with Carolyn. Quentin replies that Tony never mentioned it. He instructs Willie to "Keep an eye on him." Willie suggests that he could hire a P.I. Quentin tells Willie he doesn't have one he can trust. Willie wonders why he's suspicious of Tony. He answers, "It pays to be vigilant when that name (Trask) is mentioned." As he leaves, Jessica joins Willie in the hot tub.

At the hotel, Tony and Trask are arguing again. Trask is of the opinion that Tony should not have involved Quentin, his suspicions make him dangerous. Tony counters that, "He's a pawn. He will do exactly what I wish him to." Their argument is interrupted by the screeching of a cat and some other noises. Tony investigates and finds Willie outside his window. He claims he was driving by. Tony wonders why he's in the alley, near the trash. Willie claims to be looking for his dog. It leapt out the window as he was driving by. Trask urges Tony to "Kill him now!" Tony settles for urging Willie to "Be very careful in dark alleys. You go looking for one thing, but you might find something completely different." After Willie leaves, the argument continues.

Trask-You should have killed him then.

Tony-I'll act when I'm ready.

Trask-You're weak. You're pathetic.

Tony-Shut up! I'm in control here! Not you! Not you!

At Collinwood, Willie reports back to Quentin. He pokes fun at the situation Willie got himself into and remarks that Willie doesn't have a dog. Willie counters that he's thinking about getting a beagle. The conversation turns to what Willie overheard, one side of the conversation between Tony and Trask.

Maggie enters and teases, "You two are up to no good."

Quentin claims they are planning to play golf. Maggie seems surprised that Willie plays golf and comments on his limp. He claims that golf is hard on the ankles. As she leaves, Willie wonders, "What now?"

Quentin- I suppose I meet with Mr. Peterson and see what's on his mind.

At the Blue Whale, Quentin continues his discussion about Tony with Willie and Jessica. Tony is a half hour late for their meeting. Willie, confused about the one sided conversation he heard, has followed up his investigation and informs Quentin that Tony has arrived at and left the hotel alone. The phone rings as they are talking. Jessica informs Quentin that Tony called and wants to meet him on Widows Hill. Willie advises Quentin not to go, but he is adamant. He offers to accompany him. Willie expresses relief when Quentin declines. He claims the cold would not be good for his back. Quentin leaves. Willie asserts that he would have gone with Quentin. She doesn't argue and offers him hot cocoa. He accepts and requests marshmallows.

Tony startles Maggie on Widow's Hill. He apologizes, and she asks if she knows him.

Tony-No you don't. But I do know you and that will have to do for now.

Maggie-I'll have to be going now.

Tony-Oh wait, I wanted to show you this.

SOUND-There is a hard puff of air from an air gun.

Maggie-Are you crazy? What is that?

Tony-It's a fast acting toxin. It basically invades your nervous system, you feel sluggish, lose your balance, your vision gets blurry.

Maggie-Who are you? What...

Tony-After that you start to lose motor functions, and then it's like a switch is pulled and you collapse into unconsciousness.

Maggie-Oh

SOUND-MAGGIE FALLS TO THE GROUND.

Tony-Just like that.

Trask-The witch is close I can feel her.

Tony-It's almost time.

Trask-Don't wait! Do it now!

Tony-I decide. Not you! Shut up. Just shut up!

Later Quentin arrives and he and Tony engage in some tense small talk about Widows Hill. Tony reveals that history is a hobby of his. Quentin demands that Tony get to the point. He announces that he wants Angelique Du Pres. Quentin points out that she died centuries ago.

Tony-I suppose that is true in a way isn't it. If only she would stay dead. I'm not here to engage in misdirection and wordplay, Quentin. Cassandra Collins and Angelique Du Pres are one and the same. The witch has returned and brought her evil with her.

Quentin observes that Tony is not well. Tony confides that his family has been cursed by Angelique. He refers to the death of the original Reverend Trask. He predicts that Quentin will help him; Maggie is his "insurance policy."

Quentin-It's a long way to the bottom of these cliffs, Mr. Peterson. You walk a dangerous path.

Tony-It's an occupational hazard when dealing with agents of the devil. You're a sensible man, Quentin. If I meet an untimely demise, you will never see Miss Evans again. Her body will never be found.

Tony promises to release Maggie if Quentin delivers Angelique to him. He gives him the gun and informs him that the toxin will put Angelique to sleep and neutralize her powers when she awakens. Quentin demands to know why Tony needs him to deliver Angelique. Why doesn't he go after her himself? Tony tells him that he's dealt with her before and could not hide his intentions from her for long. Quentin is family and can get close enough to deal with her.

At the Old House, Willie reports that Tony has checked out of the hotel.

Quentin-He's spent years planning this. He won't make it easy to find him.

Willie-What are you going to do?

Quentin-Sometimes the worst thing you can do to a person is give them exactly what they want. Mr. Peterson wants to dance with the devil. I'm going to buy him a ticket.

Cassandra has returned to the stables after a ride through the hills. She calls out for “Henry,” but Quentin answers instead. He takes her horse and takes her aside claiming he wants to show her something. He leads a puzzled Cassandra inside and shoots her with the tranquilizer. Tony arrives, and Quentin demands to know the whereabouts of Maggie.

Quentin-Tell me where she is or you won’t walk out of here.

Tony-I thought you might feel that way.

SOUND-A LOUD METAL CLICK AS A PISTOL HAMMER COCKS BACK

Tony- A pistol is such a mundane tool, but it is effective. I don’t want to kill you Quentin, but your family is tainted by evil. It pervades this place. It sinks through the skin of even an innocent like Miss Evans.

Quentin-You’re insane.

Tony- When a plague breaks out, you must burn it out, or it will spread. There are no innocents here.

SOUND-GUNSHOT. A BODY FALLS. HORSES NEIGH AND BUCK IN THEIR STALLS.

Trask-The guilty must pay!

Tony-I do apologize, Quentin. But it must be done. God forgive your sins.

Cassandra awakens in the Collins Mausoleum. Tony raves that the curse that has plagued his family will end tonight.

Tony-I am a Trask witch! My forefathers have hunted your kind for generations. You should’ve died when a bullet pierced your heart two hundred years ago but the dark arts sustain you.

Cassandra-Trask? The self-righteous pig?

Tony slaps Cassandra and vows that she will pay for all of her crimes tonight. She counters by calling him a hypocrite and accusing him of murdering children and enjoy the act of hanging witches.

Tony shows her a vial full of the blood of Barnabas Collin

Willie runs into the stable and is mortified to find Quentin, covered with blood and apparently dead. To his shocked relief, Quentin revives and is obviously unharmed. Willie queries if Tony shot him.

Quentin-Yes he did. I hate it when people do that.

Willie-Me too.

Quentin-It makes me angry. Tony Peterson has made me very angry.

Willie-Where are you going?

Quentin-To return the favor.

Tony boasts that the Collins Mausoleum is a fitting place for Cassandra’s demise.

Cassandra-The Trask blood does flow through your veins. You stink with the scent of madness.

Tony-Death is too good for you. That is the difficulty you see. How do you truly punish someone for the amount of evil you have brought into the world?

Cassandra demands to be set free. Tony plans to infect her with the blood of the vampire in order to inflict the curse upon her. Then he will chain her in a coffin and “Seal you in this prison of stone for all time. Just as my ancestor was left to rot and die sealed away from the light.”

Trask-Now! Do it now!

Tony-Open your mouth and drink. Your fate is sealed.

Cassandra-He’s in there now isn’t he? The false reverend himself.

Tony-(gasps) My head! What?

Cassandra-I feel him inside you. He twists your mind to mirror his.

Tony-You can’t! Get out of my mind!

Cassandra-Oh I can. I can reach out and make it hurt.

Tony-(screams) You can’t do this! The drug blocks your powers.

SOUND-FOOTSTEPS CROSS OVER STONE

Quentin-It would if I had actually given her the drug.

Tony-Quentin, you’re dead! I killed you.

Quentin-You made a solid effort. But you neglected your studies. You learned so much about Angelique, but you didn’t know enough about me.

Tony-I’ll finish it now.

SOUND-SHOES SCUFFLE ACROSS STONE. A PISTOL IS COCKED.

Quentin manages to wrest the gun from Tony. He reveals that he never drugged Cassandra.

Tony-You made a deal with the devil!

Quentin-It wouldn't be the first time. The enemy of my enemy is my friend, even if only for the moment.

Cassandra-It seemed we had a common interest in dealing with you Tony.

Quentin-You came into my home and threatened the woman I love. I don't like that Mr. Peterson. It angers me.

Cassandra-He's got quite a temper. The fur starts flying when you make him mad.

Cassandra uses her powers to rip Maggie's location from Tony's mind. It's easier than she expected. Maggie is in a rented cabin not far from Windcliff. Cassandra offers to fetch her and erase her memory of the ordeal.

Tony-She must pay for her crimes!

Quentin-We all pay for our crimes. But you are not the judge.

Tony-You will suffer with her!

Quentin-Do you see that coffin? That is where Barnabas Collins lay chained as the centuries rolled by. A man trapped with the demons of his mind. Madness would almost be a blessing. Are you thirsty Mr. Peterson?

SOUND-A MAN'S SCREAMS ECHOES OVER STONE. BUILDS AND FADES AWAY

At Collinwood, Maggie has taken the day off. She recalls working long hours the previous day. Carolyn is chatting with her about her plans to go to Maine (?) for the weekend to peruse some records for a book she's working on. Maggie inquires if it will be a history of the Collins family. Carolyn is uncertain. Quentin enters and states that he can't think of anyone who could do a better job. Quentin expresses concern about Maggie. She had a restless night and didn't get much sleep. Quentin says he brought her something. She looks in the bag and finds a box containing an engagement ring.

SOUND-RUSTLING IN AN ENCLOSED SPACE

Tony-What? Where am I? What's going on?

SOUND-A MATCH STRIKES

Tony-No. It's impossible.

Trask-It's burning into your soul. Do you feel it?

Tony-It isn't true!

Trask-You disgust me.

SOUND-THE MATCH HISSES OUT.

Tony-Ow. The light. no.

Trask-It's just us now. There's no one (but?) us. You destroyed us. You will suffer. I will make you suffer.

Tony-No! Quentin! Damn you to hell!

SOUND-FISTS POUND ON WOOD. CHAINS RATTLE.

Tony-Quentin! Quentin!!!

THE END

Dark Shadows Sunday Strips IN COLOR

Dark Shadows ended two weeks before the daily comic strip series began.

The Sunday installments had two versions, a seven or six panel strip. Pomegranate Press published the entire run of the series but only offered the six panel version in black and white. Here are the first 35 Sunday comics in color. Some papers did not print the black and white dailies. The story was structured so that it could be followed if one only read it on Sunday.